

Innis Herald

March 1983

Vol. XVI No. 6

Inside: Disarmament Revisited

| Friday | Saturday | Sunday | Monday | Tuesday | Wednesday | Thursday |
|--|--|--|---|--|--|---|
| Bridge Club in the Pub. 4 | I.C.S.S. party "for the hell of it" WFL WOMEN'S DAY 5 | 6 | Nominations for Student Govt. positions for next year open 7 | 8 | Student Services Committee Meeting 3-10 COLD ROOM 9 | Summer OSAP forms available 10 |
| 11 | Innis College Semi- Formal 12 | Reminder: Income tax receipts are available in Rm. 117. Remember, the deadline is drawing near. 13 | | | | Student Govt. Meeting, 3:10 ST. PATRICK'S DANCE Black Orpheus & Orphée 7pm Innis Town Hall 17 |
| Nominations for Student Govt. positions close Deadline for last issue of the Herald 18 | 19 | 20 | Final Examination Timetable available (Rm. 117) 21 | Reminder: Financially needy students are invited to apply for bursaries until end of term. 22 | 23 | 24 |
| 1983-84 Cal- endars & 1983 summer Supplements registration available information Rm. 117-please show photo i. 25 | 26 | 27 | June 1983 Grads: The Convocation list has now been fixed. To ensure that your name and degree bid appear correctly, please check with Sylvia Ritz-Munroe, Rm. 131, 978-2511. 28 | 29 | 30 | |



INNIS COLLEGE
UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO

"I'm beginning to fear that the end of study
is only the beginning of reality."

-from Glen or Glenda
Screenplay by Edward D. Wood



UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO 2 SUSSEX AVENUE TORONTO 978-7021 INNIS COLLEGE UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO 2 SUSSEX AVENUE 1

The Innis Herald is published monthly by the Innis College Student Society, and printed at Weller Publishing Company Ltd. The opinions expressed herein are attributable only to their authors. Letters to the editor should be addressed to The Editor, The Innis Herald, Innis College, 2 Sussex Ave., Toronto, Ont. M5S 1J5

Letters

Dear Herald,

Alex Pugsley's piece on the English Beat made me want to add this reminiscence. I went to the Sunday show with some of the CJUT crowd, and got backstage via that association. It was plenty of fun.

Just before leaving my house, I heard there was an incident on Edenbridge Road, with no further details. I thought, not again, for there was a murder-suicide on that street two years ago. Once at the concert I phoned home, and the news of another murder-suicide, that of the Kinnear-Ralph family, was broken to me.

I knew the Kinnear boys.

I was in the same class as the son and daughter who were out at the time.

Great athletes, the Kinnears. An admirable bunch.

Some day for that to happen, Hereby Save It For Later, the most touching music the Beat has done, is dedicated to the Kinnear-Ralph family.

Adam Sobolek

This year's semi-formal has been planned and budgeted to require as little funding as possible by the I.C.S.S. If all goes as planned the formal will not put any financial burden on the funds of the Student Society.

For those Innisites concerned with the price of tickets it should be pointed out that a single ticket is only \$2 more than last year's price while the couple's is only \$5 more. This is not a large increase at all, considering the meal is a buffet including two hot dishes with a large variety of other goodies. The band "Party Lights" is considered one of the hottest bands in Toronto's en-

tertainment field. Drinks and table wine will be almost 56% cheaper than the previous formal.

This year's formal will also include a door prize and perhaps other various spot prizes that have not been subsidized by the I.C.S.S.

So, for those of you unfaithful Innisites who planned on missing the 1982-83 most popular event of the year, please think twice about the great deal you are actually getting from this year's formal.

The St. Lawrence Hall is very accessible, being walking distance from the King stop on the Yonge Subway. The King streetcar also stops right in front of the hall. There is also parking at the rear of the building.

Where else could you take a date out for \$20 each, have a buffet dinner, dance, cheap drinks and a free after hours party in a luxurious condominium?

Anne Hayes
Formal Chairman

To the Editor:

I am somewhat unhappy about the newly-arrived stranger in the Innis Pub. This insidious presence is none other than the video game. The Pub is primarily a place for social interaction, whether it be over a beer or a salad. However, between those who play video games there seems to be little conversation. Instead, what one hears are grunts, groans and curses. The video game, however, is not content to have captivated one or two people and drawn in others who gawk at it with open mouths. No, not even then is the video game content to leave one alone. Now one's conversation is punctuated by beeps and bleeps.

This criticism does not touch on whether video games themselves have a positive or negative effects on society. Most games involve a certain amount of violence and it seems a somewhat uncreative and potentially destructive way to channel one's energy. On the other hand, video

Editor
Layout
Illustrations

Photographs

Writers

Daniella Sevege
Catherina Russell
Valerie Bottone
Phil Ross
Catherina Russell
Adam Vaughan
Marie Addison

Jeremy Adalmen
Tim Cholvet
Anna Hayes
Ajay Hebba
K. Jones
Cerv Kataoka

Roddy Macdonald
Catherine Russell
Adam Sobolek
Henry Weiter

COVER PHOTO BY DANIELLE SAVAGE

**Innis Herald —
New Office Hours:
12-2 pm every day.
See you then.**

games may be an ideal way to train the warrior of the future. One could place video addicts at the controls of military machines and they would feel quite at home.

However, to return to more mundane matters, the video game should be removed from the Pub. And if the games operator did not receive adequate revenue when they were placed in the basement, then they are not needed at all. What now occurs is that individuals who would otherwise not play become prey to this insidious menace.

Mark Butler

The Results Are In

by Tim Cholvat

Well, the referendum results are in. A narrow margin of those who voted favoured an increase in Innis College Student Society fees from \$18 to \$28 per annum. In terms of percentages, approximately 14% of the eligible students voted with 55% voting yes and 43% voting no.

This result can only be interpreted in one way: the students are concerned about how their fees are spent. The high voter turnout (as opposed to recent elections) and the narrow margin indicate that most people considered the issues and did not vote naively.

The I.C.S.S. has not been given a clear mandate one way or the other as to whether their constituents want an increase in services. They will have to always keep this in the back of their minds when forming the budget in coming years and spend the money cautiously, possibly with a greater input from the students not involved in the I.C.S.S. executive directly.

A good portion of the money over the next few years will be used to improve areas desperately

lacking in equipment. These include athletics, office equipment, and communications supplies.

Besides these immediate improvements more money should be spent on informing Innis students about events and services that the I.C.S.S. is spending their fees on. This can be done by more issues of the newsletter and the Herald as well as advertising events campus-wide. The poor attendance at parties and other events this year shows that this area of communications should receive a larger portion of the annual budget.

The third area that will receive some of these funds is the Social Commission. To the "average" Innis student this may be the most visible of the improved services. We need to update an ancient record collection and overhaul the stereo system. Next year there will be more parties that will include music recorded less than ten years previously plus "munchies" reminiscent of more affluent years.

The one aspect of properly-managed business that the I.C.S.S. has failed to realize in the past is planning the path for the next 3-5 years. This

should become a very important part of the budgetary process if the money is to be spent sensibly. If we wait for another 8 years before raising fees once again we are going to be in the same problem that we were this year (i.e. no money to work with). Either the I.C.S.S. must plan to save some money for use in future years or hold fee referendums for smaller amounts more often to keep in line with inflation.

This year's Planning Committee has postponed many issues awaiting the outcome of this referendum that can now be discussed. Their recommendations will take into account the options mentioned above.

Still, the I.C.S.S. has more money to work with over the next few years. I hope that the reasons that sparked people to come out and vote will also induce them to become more attached to their college even if only in a small way. Have a say in how this extra fortune should be spent by coming out to parties and other events, writing articles for the Herald and Newsletter or becoming directly involved in the I.C.S.S. executive.

The Innis College Film Society:

Worthwhile or Worthless?

by Cary Kataoka

Not one I.C.C.S. meeting this year has gone by us without some mention of the Cinema Society. Sometimes it is singled out for praise, sometimes for scorn, but most often for a good measure of both. Often, the criticisms (and even the praise, at times) are based on misinformation; almost everyone seems to have their own idea of the exact nature of the Cinema Society.

It is true that the Cinema Society spends a fair amount of money; it is always the topic of debate at any budgetary meeting. The questions then arise: Does the Cinema Club deserve funding from the ICSS? Is the student government despotically and irresponsibly allocating funds for its own entertainment? Does the Innis College student body benefit from the Cinema Society? What does it do anyway? Hopefully, the following explanation will answer these questions.

The Cinema Society is a decision-making body, a committee of students who are involved in the Innis College film curriculum. Their function is to select and schedule for viewing films for people whose interests lie outside of the current roster of commercial films. The function of the Society is not unlike that of SAC films. SAC films show current commercial films at a cut-rate price for students of U. of T. Since there was no such forum for the viewing of films of a more serious nature at U. of T., it was decided that it would be a good idea to provide such a service at Innis. This is logical, since Innis College is the centre of Cinema Studies at U. of T.

Providing such a service helps Innis College gain a distinctive identity, for itself and outside of the College. Within the College, the film nights give an opportunity for members of the college who do not normally participate in other activities to get involved. As well, they give the Cinema Studies students an opportunity to view films which would be of benefit to their current studies. This service also allows people to view films which are not readily available to the public for various reasons: often they are commercially dated, unavailable at the review houses, and would not be able to generate enough revenue if shown at a regular theatre.

The function of Student Governments in the colleges should not be to provide services solely for their own student bodies, but also to offer services to students outside of the college. If all the colleges did so, there would be more opportunity for a better learning experience for all

members of this University. This is especially important in light of the budgetary cut-backs which prevent the administrations from providing such services. It is important to remember that the members of the Cinema Society do not receive any payment whatsoever, save that derived from

the enjoyment of the films. Any body of students working as hard as this to provide a service for others should receive the full support of the student body.

N.B. Enquiries about any of the clubs are welcome, and messages may be left in the Clubs box located in the I.C.C.S. office.



ILLUSTRATION BY CATHERINE RUSSELL

Council Notes

by Roddy Macdonald

The February meeting of Council was cancelled, so there's nothing to report this month. The next meeting of Council will be held on Tuesday March 8th at 4:00 in room 312. On Tuesday March 1st, Faculty of Arts and Science Dean Robin Armstrong will be holding a meeting of the Task Force on Student Experience in room

312 at 4:00. If you have any comments about courses, enrollment procedures, college life, residence facilities or the University in general, this is your opportunity to make them to the decision-makers.

This month, Council Notes makes way for a new sub-column dealing with matters arising from recent College or Council events:

Matters Arising from the Referendum

If the ICSS executive's request for a fee hike of \$10.00 had been turned down by the majority of those voting, then the executive would face some tough choices. The message of a 'NO' vote is not a clear one. It could stem from purely economic factors—the students just can't afford the extra \$10 and are willing to suffer the continued decline of student services offered by the ICSS. Parties, sports, movies, clubs, ski days, lectures, poetry readings, orientation...the list is a long one and it all costs money. There has been a crippling loss of revenue from the pinball and video games (down from about \$9000 in 1976), due entirely to increased vandalism. This, combined with inflation-escalated costs has meant severe cutbacks in the past few years. An 'economic NO' vote would force more cutbacks to these services, and would certainly cut out what little fat is left in the operation.

A more likely basis for a 'NO' vote would be dissatisfaction with the current services ("I don't get my money's worth now, why should I pay more?"), or with the executive's efforts to raise money through other means ("They lost the pinball revenue, why hit on me for more money?"). I consider these a more likely—although less well-reasoned—basis for a 'NO' vote simply because \$10 is a relatively small proportion of one's total fees. One would have to have an awfully tight budget to vote 'NO' on strictly economic grounds.

The 'YES' vote carries an equally ambiguous message. It could be taken to indicate that everyone is content with the current form and structure of ICSS activities and that they are prepared to give additional financing to see that the services don't deteriorate. This would fit the model of the generally apathetic student, willing to go along with whatever is suggested. Apart from a few grumblings and laments for "the good old days when beer was free at Innis", there have been few real complaints about the service cutbacks so far. The 'YES' vote could mandate future executives merely to maintain the status quo.

A more realistic mandate drawn from the 'YES' vote is to improve student services. The fees increase should offset inflation enough to allow services to be expanded, to offer not just more of the same, but a wider variety of services so that those who feel they don't get their money's worth can be catered to. This requires, however, that those who are not satisfied with what the I.C.C.S. has to offer should be vocal about just what they do want. Criticism without realistic suggestions is pointless.

The pro's and con's of the suggested "user-pay" alternative to financing events should be carefully examined. There are some hidden pitfalls to this scheme. A "successful" referendum (i.e. a "Yes" result) must not be taken as a signal to end attempts to find other ways to finance the ICSS. The loss of revenue from the pinball machines should be seen as temporary and not offset by the new higher fee.

There is something of a chicken and egg dilemma here: there's no incentive to pay more money for ICSS services unless they are improved accordingly, but services can't be improved until more money is paid for them. A fee increase puts the ICSS in debt to the students and that obligation must be met with better, not necessarily more, services. The arguments put forward by Mr. Mikelsons at the Referendum Forum should not be overlooked. As one of the very few vocal opponents of the fee hike he may represent a much larger, but silent, minority. That minority should not be excluded merely because they are, for the most part, silent. I disagree with Mr. Mikelsons' sentiments, but perhaps I have a stronger belief that, since the fee increase passed, the ICSS executive will meet their obligation to the students. In fact, the ICSS Planning Committee has already started to look into the whole question of student services offered by the ICSS.

It is evident that the ICSS executive must ask themselves some serious questions about the services they offer and about the desires of their constituents in the Innis Community.

A Report on Progress

by K. Jones

On February 10th, the Film Society presented Bruce Elder, an avant-garde Canadian filmmaker with his latest film: *Illuminated Texts*. The event was extremely well attended. It provided a unique opportunity for students to discuss the work with its maker. Elder elucidated aspects of his film in the course of an animated forum which followed the screening. On February 24th the Society presented a double bill which featured two rarely seen Film Noir classics: Robert Aldrich's *Kiss Me Deadly* and Orson Welles' *Touch of Evil*.

This Thursday, March 3rd, the Film Society will screen Jean-Luc Godard's *Alphaville* and Francois Truffaut's *Mississippi Mermoid*, two seldom shown works from the French New Wave of the 1950's. On March 17th two filmic explorations of the Orpheus myth will be screened: Cocteau's *Orpheus* and Marcel Camus' *Black Orpheus*. The Society is currently negotiating another evening which will feature a guest appearance by a Canadian filmmaker.

Films are shown at 7:00 and 9:00 p.m. on Thursday evenings in Town Hall. Admission is \$1.25 for a single film or \$2.00 for both films.

A Friendly Valentine

by Adam Sobolak

1967. Family moves out to the big-lot S-curve patterns of the perfect uppermiddleclass postwar tract development. That fall I enter kindergarten. Peculiar chap who pulled pants down in class (believable rumour has it). Existed on a different level from others. Comedy relief forever. But basic outline kept in mental diary, for future reference and inspiration. You had to be there.

There was one girl with short blonde hair. I didn't give her much thought for a while. When walking home from school, I noticed one house on my crescent with a V-shaped light over the garage. One day I saw the girl in question there, in the driveway. She lived there. We were made for each other.

She was cute. She had a moderately exotic name, one that was Scandinavian (yuk yuk I had great taste so early). By neighbourhood standards it was really unique. The name, the short blonde hair, the V-shaped light on the way home...it all fell into place.

It was an odd relationship. Not so much love; too much detachment, I didn't understand the love situation. Let alone lust. Let's take a mundane object, an unplanned composition. For one person, this may appeal to the senses. Consequently, he can make it into a work of art by processing it through his cosmos. Y'mind if I use a "current" term? The relationship was neither love nor lust; it was performance art. She was my art object.

Hard to say what we did; it was too ambiguous. The "thrill" was in existing together once in a blue moon. Remember the inside of her house, with her portrait on the north living room (bedroom?) wall. Remember her coming to my house. Once in my back yard I was yammering on about hearing a parade when it was really somebody's radio or stereo system in another yard. Don't remember too much else. Togetherness was the object. I may have kissed her, but to me kissing was just an object, not something to be cherished, and I would have taken it for granted; she was a grandparent for all I cared. Sex? What's that?

Birthdays were put up in the class for each month. Hers was September 28th. 28 would become my favourite number. I always looked for it in Canadian Tire catalogues.

I also had an S&M streak. Once I drew with crayons some kinda burn-up machine, and I intended her to be the victim. YOU figure it out.

We drifted away. She wasn't in my first-grade class. Don't know what she thought of me then, either. May have just wanted to humour me when we made avant-garde music together. I think she grew to hate me. Also I swerved less dramatically to another girl after seeing the sign to a town named after her with a population-change overlay. We were never as "together."

Then I grew unbearably out-of-sync in classes. They sent me away to a touring-circus of a special class with troubled sons and daughters of troubled parents. I had to be normalized. In grades 3-4 I was urged back into the old atmosphere and did fairly well, but classmates still viewed me as the Great Misfit. As far as memory takes me, she was in none of my classes. With her own memories, she probably deliberately avoided me. More likely, though, she grew genuinely bitchy and obnoxious. She also grew her hair. She'd always be the short-haired blonde to me.

In 1974, she moved. By then we couldn't really care less about each other. One picture remains of all the Grade 6 classes. In it I'm blinking. And she has long hair, with a few curls, rather messy-looking but typical of the period. She's incredibly attractive in a slutty way, and with the hair she's an outrageous standout, the subject of today's Yocks. She's an amazing precursor of the Debbie Harry look. Or Nina Hagen meets Bardot.

How could she have looked after 1974?

Then I went to Poland for the summer, initiating an endless quest for lost virginity. Too late to realize her ultimate virtue. I never received any news from the front, where she'd gone to and what she was doing. I never gave it a thought, for seven years. Then at my public school's 25th anniversary, I met old schoolmates left behind during a stint at alternative school, or for whatever reason. We saw the old photos. There she was in '74, with the Nina Hagen hairdo. One person said Wendy O Williams. Another said, she was seen visiting the area. Scuzzy, for sure. I knew that. Intuition. A fleeting reminiscence, forgotten after.

1983. Faulkner couldn't have done it better. The fate of those past public schoolmates, extending into junior high and high school, congeals into a tragicomedy. Oh, most schools have their burnout cases and such. Mine were something else again. They vividly illustrate the perils of parvenu living in the 'burbs. Especially around my neighbourhood, the splintered fragments of the 1950's, an innocent society that imploded. Couples came not for a better lifestyle, but because it was the "in" thing. They played rich and modern. They were obsessed with the Joneses and crippled themselves with mediocrity. They had kids, and out of laziness were permissive and lackadaisical with them. The kids settled into a spoiled suburban prison, insulated from the outside world. At best, usually, they grew to be dull and uninspired. At worst they lost all purpose in life, and went to drug heaven, behind bars, or else flip-flopped to an antithetical sleaziness of existence. Not the proverbial older-and-wiser Class of '65 saladbowl. A charred ruin.

It's interesting to have witnessed that. Definitely unique, transcending the regular suburban lament subjects. A normal person with his head together would be driven neurotic. I, the neighbourhood id, turned it into my easel. I get the last laugh.

On the way to school today, I met a couple of old classmates. Surreal. We reminisced, which fueled my conclusions. And SHE popped up in the conversation. Y'know what? She's living in Kitchener. She's a mother. And she's obese. 5'6" high, 5'6" wide.

It figures.

I'd still love to meet her sometime. For old times' sake. Unless she's too doped-up and incoherent. She SHOULD understand. If she doesn't, my foist crush was all a farce. Like the rest of my love life. If this goes on, Leonard Cohen'll have to step aside.

News took a while to sink in. Then it did. So much that I got Laura Branigan's *Gloria* for my sister. And Kim Wilde for no particular reason. (*You'll Never Be So Wrong* is beautiful.) Whole day signs off with the greatest pop song ever made (exaggerations exaggerations), Television's *Ain't That Nothin'*. Too bad Toronto ripped it off as *Start Tellin' The Truth*.

Evocative music is wonderful.



Dear Neanderthal

Dear Neandarthal,

Yeah. I've got some questions for you. Like who does you hair? And what's the singular of "wimmin"? Does being Neandarthal really "have it's [sic] good points"? Surely no sane person would say things like that! Clearly, you have a very superficial understanding of the dynamics of the situation.

I've been wondering: What do Industrial Engineers do? Is "Phil Ross" a *real* name? And why am I even bothering to write this? You're just lucky I have nothing better to do while watching "The National". You're just lucky you can receive letters by Campus Mail! (Who would pay 32 cents for this?)

So hurry up and send me my 3-D glasses and toe-fungicide.

Sincerely
CroMagnon

P.S. Some idiot left a large, black monolith in my yard. Can you help me get rid of it? It attracts dogs like a musical fire-hydrant.

Dear Neanderthal,

(A few weeks' worth...)

Questions:

- 1.) What are your feelings about the *Homo Sapien* status recently accorded to you?
- 2.) Who or what people/groups do you see as largely responsible for this massive lobbying effort?
- 3.) What are your thoughts about a similar recent trend to include *Australopithecines* within the taxon *Homo*?
- 4.) Why do you so often ride the trolley or the tube?
- 5.) Are you *shure* [sic] you are a Neandthal and not a "modern" *Homo Erectus*?
- 6.) Did you *reolly* make all those fancy tools or did spacemen help you?
- 7.) Other than pizza, what's your favourite food?
- 8.) How do you feel about monumental architecture?
- 9.) Do you have any musings about the origins of the State? Why you disappeared so fast?
- 10.) Have you invited either Carl Reiner or Mel Brooks to tea yet?

Ishmael
Anthro IV

Dear Neanderthal,

I have this problem. You seem to have a good head on your shoulders, so maybe you can help me. I am a rather overweight male and generally feel most comfortable in my workie boots and a lumberjack shirt. I wear a pigtail and drink beer. My problem is that underneath it all I truly want to be a Preppie.

I can't find any penny loafers that fit me and, worse still, I can't stomach Bloody Caesars. I tried wearing a pink shirt, but I was told I looked like a sunburned whale.

What can I do, Neandarthal? How do fat people become Preppies?

Fizz

► IT'S REALLY "ASK AUSTRALOPITHECUS"

DEAR NEANDERTHAL
FEATURING: HOMER SAPIENS!!

LOTS O' LETTERS! ON ALL KINDS OF VITAL TOPICS! I'D LIKE TO THANK CROW-MAGNON, PHILIP MIGNON AND HYMIE TARRAN. IN ANSWER TO THE QUESTION "WHAT'S THE SINGULAR OF WIMMIN?"

I SUGGEST
WIMMIT OR
WIMPID.



► THE "BIC" STOPS HERE....

LET'S FACE IT, WIMPID OR JUST WIMMY DOESN'T MAKE IT AND PROBABLY WON'T BE POPULAR.... AS TO ISHMAEL'S LETTER AND THE TAXON HOMO, I'D LIKE TO SEE A TAX ON GOVERNMENT, BUT I COULD BE ALONE IN THIS...



SOME MAIL ASKED ABOUT THE BIG BLACK MONOLITH THAT MADE THE APES DANCE IN 2001... IS IT A GIANT RADIO? A BOOK, PERHAPS? A CANDY BAR OR A HYDRANT? NOW IT CAN BE TOLD....



That SCENE WAS FILMED AT THE PRIMATES PUB...



PHYLIS STEIN 883

Next deadline:
Fri., March 18th

 **OM
BUDS
MAN**

Available to all members of the University of Toronto:
Student, Faculty or Administrative staff.

Office of the University Ombudsman, 16 Hart House Circle,
University of Toronto, Toronto, Ontario M5S 1A1 978-4874

Members of the University at the Scarborough
and Etobicoke Campuses may arrange to meet with
the Ombudsman at their respective campuses.

A Worthy Cause, But...

by Catherine Russell

In *The King of Prussia*, a film that hit Toronto with a good deal of publicity recently, did not, I noticed, attract much critical attention. There is no doubt that the film's intentions were right on, but that doesn't place it above criticism. While the problems of the film could indeed be extended to some other more popular manifestations of the anti-nuclear movement, a criticism of it does not necessarily apply to the movement as a whole.

In *The King of Prussia* is a document of a court case, re-enacted by the participants for the camera. The Plowshares Eight, led by Philip Berrigan, were accused of battering a number of pieces of "hardware" with hammers at a General Electric plant in Pennsylvania called *The King of Prussia*. Their legal defense rested on the premise that nuclear war is unthinkable for a sane human being, and that their action was literally in self-defence. But in court they could not even prove that the "hardware" was, in fact, assembly pieces of nuclear warheads, as the C.E. witnesses refused to identify them as such, and the judge disallowed the testimony of experts.

The act of destruction, executed by eight elderly men and women, was clearly symbolic. But the vandalism itself would have been meaningless without 1) the court case, and their defense, 2) the guilty verdict, and 3) de Antonio's film. One cannot help but wonder whether the event would have had the same impetus if they had been found innocent, and if so, why they didn't just take the film crew with them into the factory. The failure of their defense simply establishes their action, and by implication the anti-nuclear movement, as radical, and therefore good documentary material.

Sheen's comic portrayal of the judge made him out to be exceptionally stubborn and self-righteous, but it would indeed have been an exceptional judge who would have found the Plowshares Eight innocent. Destruction of property is just that in a court of law, despite a philosophical argument, such as that put forth by Berrigan, that nuclear arms are no one's "property". The legal framework has its limits. It can only acknowledge and deal with certain types of problems and while those limits may or may not be justified, there is little point in testing them just for the sake of testing them. Disarmament is a political issue, not a legal one. A legal precedent that nuclear arms are the property of the people to do what they will with (what Berrigan was trying to establish), would not be likely to have any validity in the political realm. (Consequently, the political effect of establishing such a precedent might be the reverse of democratic.)

The horror of nuclear arms is denied by very few. The courtroom "speeches" as Sheen disparagingly referred to them, were not lost on the jury. De Antonio established this in one of the best scenes of the documentary where a juror is interviewed in his mechanic's overalls. Nevertheless, nuclear arms were not on trial. An act of illegal entry and damaging of property was.

"Manipulative" is a criticism applied most commonly to commercial exploitation movies,

but it is no less applicable to *In the King of Prussia*. Given that its audience is for the most part already sympathetic to the disarmament cause, it works on a most basic level as a modern tragedy. Moreover, in the exaggeration of both Berrigan's idealism and Sheen's dogmatic conservatism, it is a cartoon, bordering on the melodramatic. De Antonio is faithful to the Plowshare Eight's cause, perhaps a fraction too devoted. When the court-room audience (part of the "re-enactment") launches into a moving rendition of "Koom-ba-ya" the film turns back on itself, revealing the sentimental basis that all the legal embellishment in the world cannot disguise or subsume.

The explicit religious orientation of the Plowshares Eight undoubtedly rubs the wrong way with some of *In the King of Prussia*'s audience, who feel that disarmament must be accomplished in Man's name, not God's. But the more fundamental problem is that for non-believers, the Christian context of Berrigan's plea tends to reduce the argument to its naked idealism. The film's ultimate accomplishment is its legitimization of the anti-nuclear stance as a Christian one, and vice versa. Evidently Sheen and de Antonio were convinced.

The film's intentions are, as I said, well founded. The Berrigan brothers, guided by their Jesuit faith, are admirable and valuable activists in the peace movement. If disarmament is an ideological issue, requiring new forms of thought, as it is widely believed to be, *In the King of Prussia* is evidence to the formidability of that task. Although the film is not by any means a negative influence on the anti-nuclear movement, it is difficult to see it as a positive step forward. De Antonio's film is ample proof that sentiment and belief, no matter how humane, cannot support a legal argument. Whether it can support a political one remains to be seen. The beliefs of Mr. Reagan & Co. are what are at issue, and are unlikely to be affected by de Antonio, the Berrigans, or Christ Himself.

by Jeremy Adelman

The challenge the Disarmament Movement faces is that which confronts our civilization. The facets of this challenge are twofold. First, the threat of a nuclear holocaust is obviously a threat of destruction to the planet. Second, the nuclear buildup is, in a sense, the logical result of a civilization borne of gunpowder. The history of Western man since the discovery of gunpowder has been the history of the constant improvement of weaponry. Nuclear war would be the culmination of a historical process, the understanding of which would offer us an insight into the structure of nuclear proliferation. Appreciating this structure will offer guidelines for resistance.

In confronting the threat of destruction protesters simply argue that the distorted strategy of "deterrence" in fact raises the stakes. In this they are not wrong -- for certainly Western leaders, and in particular those of the U.S., have sketched scenarios of "protracted war," and are fully prepared to fight one. Herein lies the irony of nuclear weaponry. They are armaments purportedly designed and built not to be used. They are constructed to intimidate. But

Disarma Revis



Martin Sheen and Emile de Antonio

PHOTO COURTESY OF THE TORONTO CLARION

Re-examining Our Perspective

PHOTO BY DANZELLE SAVAGE

then why speak of nuclear war at all if the weapons are only to be used to "deter" as Reagan tells us? The speaking and sketching of wars is necessary to legitimate, or to make palatable, that which cannot (or will not?) be used in war.

The logic of the arms builders is circular. The Disarmament movement has been successful in revealing its inanity. However, the movement has become caught up in the Logic of Weaponry: the effectiveness of deterrence. The argument as presented in the tabloids essentially revolves

ament sited

What history has revealed since the Second World War is the ease with which the U.S. and the Soviet Union are able to slide from the use of weapons as tool for "deterrence" (communication) to those of "counterforce" (destruction). Needless to say, the latter is what currently prevails. This contrast also explains the ability of military strategists to mystify the debate by confusing the two issues of "deterrence" and "counterforce" in military jargon. In fact the issues are different sides of the same coin, the coin being the conundrum of empires.

This is the second problem the protest movement has failed to address. We have not recognized the buildup for what it is, as a historical aspect of empires which have chosen to use weapons as the main means of communication. Hence the protest movement must address the psyche of empires if it wants to begin to find real solutions.

The third fault of the disarmament movement is our failure to put the current conflagration into perspective -- its place in the economy. For if we gauge the success of a nation in these days of rampant materialism on the strength of its economy, neither the U.S. nor the U.S.S.R. can seriously be considered "strong."

Both sides are aware of their economic decline but seek to maintain the appearance of strength. In the desperate attempt to insure supremacy in a state of economic chaos, the imperial poles of East and West feel the need to resort to the military. The exponential growth of their claims to supremacy (bombs, etc.) is indicative of the collapse of the base of their economic strength.

The irony of this dilemma is that as they resort increasingly to arms, they necessarily bring about the destruction of the underpinnings of their existence. Channelling more and more funds to the arms race diverts energies that would otherwise be used to support the economy, and thereby weakens it. By weakening it, imperial leaders rely increasingly on what will provide them with the guise of strength: arms, and above all, gargantuan nuclear weapons.

One can easily be pessimistic about the downward spiral of empires. Their decay causes increased desperation. As empires crumble from within, they tend to drag their surroundings down with them. The current crisis of Canadian dependency is largely a function of the decline of the U.S. Thus the anti-nuke movement must address also the cruise missile issue in its generality. If we seek to extricate ourselves from testing the cruise missile, for instance, it will have to be in conjunction with an overall policy of moving away from U.S. influence and its neurosis.

If nothing else we should learn from the experience of the 1960's. The Peace Movement then was successful in its limited goals: Canadian refusal to equip itself with nuclear warheads. The movement did not seek to abolish nuclear weaponry. Nor did it recognize the underlying tenets of weaponry. The inadequacy of the last generation of protesters can provide us now with some lessons, particularly the recognition of the complexity of the issue. The generation of the '60's did not have to contend with the economic

crisis which now often confuses issues. Under the present economic conditions, the disarmament movement must broaden its scope. Our leaders, with the added economic tensions, build more arms to appear stronger. The poles of disarmament and proliferation drift further apart as the crisis deepens.

Let us bring the debate back down to earth. Clearly the proliferation of nuclear weaponry is suggestive of a large issue. The failure of the '60's and our failure until now (as exemplified in the signing of the "Umbrella Agreement") was and is a result of a neglect of the larger issues -- that is, the "conundrum of empires." In concrete terms we must not forget that the halting of the buildup must be linked to the plight of the Third World. Many of the problems faced by the developing world are conditions which may lead to localized wars. (What will happen when the Argentine generals lay their hands on the cruise missile?) By easing some of the tension arising out of underdevelopment we will eliminate some of the conditions which may lead to war.

The Disarmament movement should broaden its horizons. Perhaps one immediate tactic we might assume is to forge stronger links with the movement in Europe. Until now we have been focusing almost entirely on the Cruise Missile in Canada. We should also be protesting the deployment of missiles in Europe. Moreover, we could certainly use European support against testing here. (One might suspect that for the most part the signing of the "Umbrella Agreement" went unnoticed in Europe).

To summarize -- our failures are threefold: 1) We have dwelled excessively on arguments against nuclear weapons in the terms established by our opponents. Let us forget the numbers game and the effectiveness of "deterrence" and whether such-and-such a weapon has "first-strike" capability or not. We should define the terms.

2) Nuclear proliferation is the result of "imperial" tendencies. The neurosis and paranoia of the U.S. and the U.S.S.R. are largely responsible for the escalation. We have for the most part ignored this issue.

3) The growth of the military must be seen in the light of the decline of the economy. With the economic crisis, more arms are needed to maintain the appearance of strength. The more money and energy devoted to the arms race, the less likely is economic recovery. Our failure to grasp this issue and set it forth in higher profile is one reason we have been largely ineffective in broadening our base of support. We would be more likely to get the support of the working class, the unemployed, or even students looking for work, if we could show in more concrete terms how the nuclear arms race reduces their (and our) economic opportunities.

The failure to prevent the signing of the "Umbrella Agreement" suggests that we should be more self-critical. Perhaps a realization of the historical complexity of the issues will offer alternative forms of protest and broaden our base. For if we fail again, the ominous dictum of Harold Innis that "Each civilization has its own methods of suicide" may prove prophetic.

around the numbers game, a game we will surely lose. We will not be successful in educating and convincing our leaders of the dangers of war if we argue on their terms. They have answers to all our protests. Our failure is in part the problem of the Press: an inability to be analytical and a tendency to dwell on superficial dimensions such as numbers. Moreover, our own protest lacks depth and analysis.

We the protesters have simply failed to scratch a little below the surface and have been content to argue against the leaders on their own terms, believing somehow that the righteousness of our cause alone will lead us to triumph. The problem of nuclear bombs is not only a problem of here and now, of action and survival. It is a problem rooted in the history of our civilization.

History, as Harold Innis reminds us, has been the documentation of the rise and fall of empires. Each one is borne of a medium of communication. Thus each empire, depending on the medium which characterizes it, is conditioned by the bias of that medium. The two empires we are dealing with are the East and the West. Both of these empires, despite their obvious differences, share one thing in common: both rely on weapon as a medium of communication.

Therefore the buildup of each other's destructive capacity is merely a buildup of their capacity to communicate. The problem might not be so bad -- except that in the minds of imperialists there is room for only one empire. Competitive empires are therefore non-communicative. So for the first time in history what was initially used as a medium of communication has become the means to eliminate the party one originally wanted to communicate with. This is the inherent contradiction of nuclear bombs. They serve opposite purposes: to relay messages between empires and to destroy each other.

Review

New Quebec Film

by Catherine Russell

A collection of new film from Quebec was screened as part of the "Quebec Connection" event at Harbourfront last month. It was a rare opportunity because, except for the odd successful feature, few Quebec films actually get distributed in English-speaking Canada. The four-day festival included a series of student seminars with directors, actors and critics from Ontario and Quebec.

In the first seminar, director Fernand Dansereau described the film-making climate in Quebec as "insular". "Our good fortune will not last much longer though, I fear," he added. The

Another Québécois director, Claude Gagnon, predicted that his next film would be faster paced, but not, he said, because audience tastes compel him to. Gagnon and his Japanese wife Yuri produce their own films, and are therefore "Independent" from commercial pressures. He said he is quite used to being in debt, which is probably a good thing. *Keiko*, their most recent film, which was made in Japan, is about an office girl who in the course of the film loses her virginity to a married man, falls in love with a woman from work, and then complies with her father's marriage arrangements and ties the knot with a boy from her village.

Gagnon's only achievement in the film is his use of the sterile and box-like Japanese architecture, which he sets in stark contrast with lush greenery. Living in a tiny cubicle in a formicatable city, Keiko's longing for love is as understandable as her acquiescence to her family's laws. Her flirtation with the erotic and spon-

long takes, we are acutely aware of the changes happening within the characters.

It is the action under the surface behaviour that gives the film its momentum. Lefebvre uses photography as a metaphor for the intensity of single moments, and the film itself, in the form of black and white re-enactments of certain scenes, as evidence of the validity of feelings that are so often suppressed.

The best acting in this collection of films featured at Harbourfront is in *Les Fleurs Sauvages*. The five-member cast deserve as much credit as Lefebvre for its success, most aptly described as a celebration of the simple.

The difference between *Les Fleurs Sauvages* and Francis Mankiewicz's film *Les Beaux Souvenirs* (Fond Memories) is that Lefebvre has no young girls in peasant dresses running through fields of flowers. Mankiewicz, who directed *Les Bons Debarres* only a few years back, also takes family tensions in a rural setting as his subject, but here the characters and relationships are highly idealized.

Viviane and her American boy-friend return to the family home, only to find that her father, still traumatized by his wife's departure some 15 years ago, will not speak to her, and has forced his drug habit onto her fiery young sister. Alternately fighting over and fleeing from their father's possessive control, the conflict between the two sisters is explosive. This semblance of a family never seems to simply talk or work or eat — except for the occasional milk and honey — so the drama lapses into absurdity.

There is a dream-like quality about the flashback to the girls' childhood but the present tense, in a setting that is perfectly orderly and very beautiful, is equally disjointed. It is a curious film in that it is unanchored, as if controlled by a junkie's logic, balanced on a very fine line between implausibility and horror. *Les Beaux Souvenirs* is a powerful film, but ultimately leaves its audience doubting, and unsure how to grasp it.

Except for *Keiko*, these feature films rarely venture outside a central location. The boundaries imposed by the family homestead or cozy cottage suggests that the films' subjects are determined at least partly by their budgets. While a single principle location is a sure way to cut costs, it inevitably demands a dynamic script and cast for its drama, elements that are apparent only in *Les Fleurs Sauvages*.

The extent to which budget decisions affect the end products of Canadian film making was indicated in the seminar with the independent filmmakers. The discussion revolved around money: how to get it, how to spend it, but mainly, what you have to do for it. Language differences aside, every independent filmmaker considers him or herself an artist, who starts with a dream and a commitment, and then wages war with the world for a budget.

There series of shorts that followed the seminar were disappointing after all the talk about big dreams, big debts and art. Ms. Sauriol's *Blue Brume*, Labonte's *Reveillon* and *Le Toaster* by Michael Bouchard were all original and indisputably different from most movies, if only because they were short. These artists seem to have concentrated a good part of their financial efforts on producing quality products with impeccable visuals and sound. Their money would perhaps have been better spent on elaborating on their situations and characters. A single "good idea" rarely makes a good short film, any more than it makes a good short story. *Le Toaster* and *Blue Brume* both have a lot of potential, and could conceivably make good features, perhaps at the expense of their slick finish; *Reveillon* wasn't even a good idea.

Elvis Gratton, a short film that played here in September's Festival of Festivals, is significantly better than the other shorts, but raises an in-



ILLUSTRATION BY CATHERINE RUSSELL

low budget, slow-paced domestic dramas that characterize recent Quebec film are doomed to give way to the Hollywood style. It is inevitable, says Dansereau, given pay T.V. and the box office security that a formula movie offers investors.

"I do not mean compromise, but interaction. We will soon find we have to move out into the real world." There is more in this observation than Dansereau intended. His own film *Les Doux Aveux* (Sweet Lies and Tender Oaths), about an elderly couple who find love, is as sugary as the title suggests. Actress Hélène Loiselle, who also attended the seminar, admitted that she works regularly in a soap opera, and unfortunately, it is that style that best describes *Les Doux Aveux*. The theme was expressed far more sincerely and beautifully by Carlos Diegues, in *Summer Rains*, a Brazilian film that went virtually unnoticed in this year's Festival of Festivals.

taneous side of life is full of bursts of sunlight, dense vegetation, and landscape painting. But this is as deep as the film goes. *Keiko*, played by Junko Wakashiba, is a two-dimensional character; her personality is provided by Gagnon's stylize camera-work, her changing environment, and her "theme" music: sentimental violins and muzak orchestration clutter up every remotely emotional moment. Neither this film nor *Les Doux Aveux* makes any attempt at spectacle or surprise. Both look inward to the intimacy of relationships and the discovery of self in close and confined settings. Both get smothered in their own sentiment and sincerity. Even though *Keiko* does involve some inspired film-making, it doesn't compensate for the ponderous and over-emphasized narrative.

Jean-Pierre Lefebvre's film *Les Fleurs Sauvages* (Wild Flowers), on the other hand, is a perfect example of how exciting simplicity can be. As the story of a mother and daughter coping with the distance that has grown between them, the film deals with the unspoken and unacknowledged emotions of everyday life. Nothing actually "happens" in the film, and yet in the course of daily life, shot in extravagantly

interesting problem. The film is about a bourgeois Québécois who enters an Elvis Presley look - a competition. It proceeds with very little dialogue, until the pivotal point when Elvis discusses politics with the local photographer and the fundamental hypocrisy of his society is revealed. I know this because I saw the film in September with subtitles, but at Harbourfront the unilingual portion of the audience was quite in the dark about what the film was all about.

Subtitles are an unfortunate concession we have to make in cross cultural exchanges, and it is a small price to pay for an otherwise universal language. Another translation problem that tends to distance the audience marks *Les Adeptes* (The Followers). An NFB documentary about an initiate into the Krishna sect, it is a competent and informative documentary, but instead of either subtitles or dubbing, director Gilles Blais uses English voice-over, a technique that is rarely used without distracting the entire audience, both French- and English-speaking.

Another document of a people and their isolated culture is *On L'Appelait Cambodge* (Back to Kampuchea) which also uses English voice-over, but in conjunction with subtitles. It is a documentary about a New York taxi-driver's return to his homeland, a small neighbour of Vietnam that has become a political pawn in Indochina. A very different film than the distinctively "film-boardish" documentaries, director Martin Duckworth described it as a film "worth making" which for him is an independent filmmaker's first priority. After the Harbourfront screening he solicited contributions for the Kampuchean cause.

In a different key altogether is *Jouer Sa Vie* (The Great Chess Movie), a fast-paced collage of international chess analysis, psychoanalysis, chess computers, chess anecdotes, chess history, chess tournaments, and a few very intense chess

scholars. It celebrates chess as, quite literally, the game of life. The irony of the film is that the chess world appears quite removed from the rest of the world, with its eccentricities and the conspicuous absence of women.

While some of the commentators in the film insist that international chess tournaments are first and foremost political, it is evident that the chess players themselves think of very little besides chess. The Russian grandmaster Karpov can spout communist propaganda at will, but it is mainly textbook stuff; Bobby Fischer, asked what his favorite author is, replies "um... well, I mainly read magazines, you know." The key to the mystery of chess seems to be this level of pure thought, a sort of cosmic consciousness from which the mundane world recedes.

The Great Chess Movie has very little to do with Quebec, or with Canada. Directed by Gilles Carle, and produced by the NFB, it is without question one of the most successful films in the Harbourfront series. It is no coincidence that it is the only feature-length film in the collection that doesn't deal with a family or with emotional tension. But because it is a documentary, it is not likely to be a commercial success.

A point that came up several times in the seminars was that Quebec films don't do at all well in either their own province or in Canada. Despite the fact that the "insular" industry even boasts its own star system (epitomized perhaps in Carole Laure), people in Quebec tend to find French versions of American movies ultimately more attractive. English television, in fact, draws more viewers than the French stations. It is not a problem specific to Quebec, however. Jay Scott pointed out that Fassbinder is not highly regarded by German critics, but director Harvey Hart clarified the situation. "The Quebecois hate Quebec films because they are too close to home. They want fiction."

It is true that the series of films organized by Hanna Fisher at Harbourfront is only a representative collection of New Quebec film. There was no indication of the criteria for the selection of films — *Une Journée en Taxi* was conspicuously absent — but it would seem that there is a loosely defined style of film-making in Quebec.

With very little exception, each film offers a very intense look at a very small world. The impression one gets from an inundation of new Quebec film is that the province's filmmakers see their world in terms of isolated groups of people sharing common problems and cultural values. Whether this "island" is actually Quebec, Japan, a dream, a factory, or literally an island, their own situation, coupled with financial restrictions, produces a theme that is repeated too often to go unnoticed. The families in *Les Fleurs Sauvages* and *Doux Aveux*, the island home in *Les Beaux Souvenirs*, the confines of a girl's own mind in *Keiko*, and the documentaries of Kampuchea, the Krishna movement and the world of chess, are all self-contained subjects, not unlike Quebec itself. As Dansereau noted, it is an "insular" style of filmmaking, but it is also potentially limiting.

Introspection may involve staring at one's belly button, or at one's soul, which is often revealed to be not unlike everyone else's.

In *Les Fleurs Sauvages* Jean-Pierre Léfebvre has mastered the technique of dealing with domestic emotions without falling into overdramatization or melodrama. There is no compromise involved in this film, or in the *Great Chess Movie*, but simple sensitivity and originality. They move out into the "real world" by virtue of the universal appeal.

Unfortunately, it is a typical situation in Canadian film-making that *Les Fleurs Sauvages*, which won the critics award at Cannes last year, has no distributor in Ontario.

PHOTO BY MERLE ADDISON



True Testimonials

(A Series)

"Why did you transfer to Innis?"

"So I could use the Writing Lab."

Appointments: 978-4871

Innis College Reading Room

Open: 9 a.m. - 8 p.m. Mon - Thurs

9 a.m. - 5 p.m. Friday

Book donations are always welcome. Right now we are especially looking for Science Fiction books. Drop them off at the Reading Room any time.

Slipping on the Same Step Twice

by Ajay Heble

Attitudes wouldn't be so bad if they weren't always in a straight line. I said this to her and she turned her back. We had met again after not having seen each other for some two years and now we were in bed once more. We were on the highway, moving real fast. Then we came to a sudden stop and she got out of the car. A summer setting, innocent, sun and sand, laughing and dancing, playing--I remember it well just like we all always do. Now, here I was again, caught in some endless implacable situation with a snaggle-toothed woman who had me on the soft snap. All it took was a bit of playful banter and trivial repartee, and I stumbled into her deep azure eyes and ever-opening mouth. So taken in that I failed to take note of her gnashing teeth. We were on the highway, moving real fast. Then we came to a sudden stop and I threw the car-keys out the window. They were playing circus music on the radio. I wanted to touch her. I wanted for us to handle each other with kid gloves. No space.

Last night in my sleep I called out her name. We were kids again playing in a sandbox building castles when it started to rain. You said you didn't like mud and I said the sand was getting sticky. Inside the castle we pretended there was a treasure. A lot of speculation went on but neither of us knew for certain of what the treasure consisted. I asked if I could touch you and you said no. My hands were muddy and you said you didn't like mud. But when we went inside the house and played wigwam under a

blanket then you let me touch you. I think that was when I had my first erection. I didn't know what was happening but I liked the way it felt.

On Sundays I used to look out the window and wait for the circus to go by. Sometimes it would come.

Twenty-four hours.

Fragments with no place to go. Slap in the face. Falling again. Falling again into the same thing the same scene and space the same wound and face growing wound and space and wound and gnashing teeth and growing wound infected by time and space and growth and faith and the same thing over and over again. The next day the next day the next day the next morning stay.



CARTOONS BY ADAM VAUGHAN

PHOTO BY MERLE ADDISON

PROBLEM CHILDREN - HOW TO FIX THEM --



LOOK, IT FIXED THEM (made them what they are today)

BE A SUCCESS LIKE FRANK...



YOU CAN BE LIKE HIM TOO. LEARN THE INS AND OUTS OF BLEEDING HEART LIBERALISM AND EXPLOIT, WITH A CLEAN CONSCIENCE, FOR PROFIT.... AND RUN!

Surface Tension

by Henry Waiter

Selene, sister to sun and rosy dawn, smiles at me from across the room.

She squeezes it out of her face like something artfully contrived. It touches me like a soft, grey-blue balloon.

When I pick up my beer, the pressure of my grip twists the round opening of its plastic container into a beautifully geometric ellipse. So too do Selene's eyes gently beam at me, so too do I drink in her modest beauty; so too am I intoxicated by her. She courses through my veins with graceful slowness.

How evilly do chunk-faced barrel-shaped fools ruthlessly devour lovely earth, be it the foamy liquid or precious female. How stupidly they ignore the intrinsic beauty of my Selene; how cruelly they tread her gentle face with muddy cleats.

A lovely, lovely numbness overcomes me.

Construction in the Fog

by Ajay Heble

The statue can only be seen from its bottom. It looks like something seen in pictures only its head is obscured by a thick film. A rock is thrown against the wall behind the statue. The rock hits the wall behind the statue and breaks into pieces. The pieces fall to the ground. On the street there is a crane. The top of the crane cannot be seen because it is enveloped by fog. The fog is dusty. Caesar's wife has bronze legs. Her face cannot be seen but she is identified because her name is on the plaque beside the statue. The plaque says her name. It says Caesar's wife. Her face is covered in fog. The fog is dusty. A rock has been thrown against the wall behind Caesar's wife. The wall is made of brick. Bricks are made of kneaded clay and baked in a hot chamber until they become soiled. The rock which has been thrown against the wall made of brick behind the statue has fallen to the ground and broken into pieces. The pieces are at the foot of the statue. Caesar's wife has bronze legs. Her legs are hot and burning. They steam and effervesce leaving hot drops of coffee-table stains on the ground. The ground is hard. The top of the crane is covered in fog.

Cranes can be seen in the distance. There are many cranes. They go so high up in the air that their tops cannot be seen. The tops of the cranes are all covered in fog. The road affords only one view. The statue is made of bronze but only its legs can be seen. It is made of bronze because Caesar's wife has bronze legs. The rock hits the wall behind the statue and falls to the ground. Beside the broken pieces of rock there is a coat hanger. The coat hanger slides along the ground and moves towards the pieces of rock. The pieces of rock slide away. All this can be seen because there is no fog on the ground. Caesar's wife has bronze legs. Her face cannot be seen because it is covered in fog but she is identified because the plaque beside the statue says her name. The hanger is on the grass following the pieces of broken rock. The pieces of rock are moving in parallel paths in a straight line.

Sounds fill the sky with a vision. It all sounds

the same as before. Hammered exit future pain laughing pictures ache for understanding and fruition and the bones ache with want and desire. There are strings on the floor, it's not an infallible disguise.

Caesar's wife has bronze legs. Her face is covered in fog. The hanger is following the broken pieces of rock which slide through the grass, moving in parallel paths in a straight line. A rock is thrown against the wall. The rock hits the wall and falls to the ground in many pieces. There is a coat hanger beside the pieces of broken rock. The coat hanger begins to move. It moves towards the broken pieces of rock.

Pictures fill the sky with a sound. It all looks the same as before. Enter free past pleasure crying sounds rejoice bubble and effervesce cackle at the seams and tickle tears of fickle fears where the bones ache and the bones burn and bake in a careless stream of contentment in hot coal. There are strings on the floor, it's not an infallible disguise.

The hanger moves towards the pieces of rock which have broken after the rock was thrown against the wall and fell to the ground at the foot of the statue which is the only part that can be seen because its top is covered in fog. Caesar's wife has bronze legs. Her face cannot be seen as it is covered in fog but she is identified because her name is on the plaque beside the statue. A rock falls to the ground and breaks into pieces. The hanger which is on the ground at the foot of the statue begins to move towards the pieces of rock which have broken after the rock was tossed against the wall behind the statue. The top of the crane is covered in fog. The crane begins to move. It moves high up into the dust and fog in the air so that only its bottom can be seen. The crane raises something high in the air and deposits it by hurling it against the wall. The crane is moving. A rock crashes against the wall. Perhaps there is a rock on the top of the crane. The crane raises the rock high in the air and deposits it by hurling it against the wall. It moves the rock some distance from where it was before.

The rock crashes against the wall with a thud and falls into pieces on the ground. The hanger on the ground at the foot of the statue beside the pieces of broken rock begins to move towards the pieces of broken rock. The pieces of broken rock all move away. They move in parallel paths in a straight line. The top of the crane is high in the air. It cannot be seen because it is covered in fog. Caesar's wife has bronze legs. The statue can only be seen from its bottom. The crane is moving. It raises a rock high up into the dust and fog in the air and hurls the rock against a wall behind the statue. The statue's head is covered in fog. It is identified because the plaque beside the statue says that the statue is Caesar's wife. Caesar's wife has bronze legs. Her face is covered in fog. The rock hits the wall behind the statue and falls to the ground. The statue is made of bronze. The rock which has been raised by the crane and deposited by being hurled against the wall hits the ground and breaks into pieces. There is a coat hanger beside the broken pieces of rock at the foot of the statue. The hanger begins to move. It moves towards the broken pieces of rock. The broken pieces of rock are moving away from the hanger. They move in parallel paths in a straight line.

Thoughts fill the sky with fog. It all seems the same as before. The bones ache. They ache for understanding. There are strings on the floor, it's not an infallible disguise.

A rock is thrown against the wall. The crane is moving. There is a rock on the top of the crane. The sky is covered in a film of dust and fog. The top of the crane moves high up into the sky, raising the rock so it becomes obscured in the fog. Only the bottom of the crane appears. The crane raises the rock high into the air and deposits it by hurling the rock at the wall made of brick behind the statue of Caesar's wife. The rock hits the wall and falls to the ground in many pieces. There is a coat hanger beside the broken pieces of rock. It begins to move towards the broken pieces of rock. The broken pieces of rock move away from the hanger. A crane is moving in the distance. Caesar's wife has bronze legs.

Sports

On the Rockies' Trail

by Creg Aucoin

The Inns Rocksies kept their unbeaten streak alive after two games this week, winning one the easy way and getting a tie the hard way.

The Rocksies, who now are unbeaten after six games, (5-0-1) won by default over the Dentistry B team on Monday night and fought hard for the 2-2 tie against the third place Pharmacy A team on Thursday night.

In the first period against Pharmacy, it seemed like Inns always had a man in the penalty box, as Referee Petrie was not taking any nonsense.

Pharmacy opened the scoring in the first period on a power-play goal by Carlo Bernardi, but Inns came storming back a couple of minutes later to tie the score on a goal by Mark Lanagan, getting a good pass from Sonny Young.

The second period produced a lot of heavy hitting and some superb goaltending by Inns' Pierre Amplemann who came up with many key saves when his team was at a manpower disadvantage.

Pharmacy opened the scoring again as Tim Coughlin stuffed the puck into the net giving Pharmacy a 2-1 lead. The goal seemed to spark the Inns players as they came out hitting everything in sight. A notable body-belter was left winger Joe Manserra who said after the game it was their game plan to hit as much as possible. "We knew they were a good skating club and knew we had to get in their way to get the job

done," he said. With five minutes remaining in the game, Inns got the tying goal on a miscue by the Pharmacy goaltender who strayed from his crease to get the puck from Inns' Sean Forrester behind the net. Unfortunately for Pharmacy the goalie ran into Manserra who was stationed at the side of the net, leaving the net open for Forrester to score.

Inns, who at one time owned a 1-4 win-loss record, are now 6-4-1 and are heading towards The playoffs with an overabundance of enthusiasm and confidence.

"There is not one team that we can't beat right now," said Assistant Captain Bruno Ierullo. "There is a lot of togetherness and talent on this team. We have all our players healthy now and



you need those three things to be a winner."

When asked about why he thought Dentistry didn't show up for their game, Ierullo said, "They knew we're out of the playoff picture and probably didn't need to come out at the late hours of the night to play a no-thing game," he said. "But there were seasons when we were in the same situation and these guys never missed a game."

Give this team points for a lot of heart.

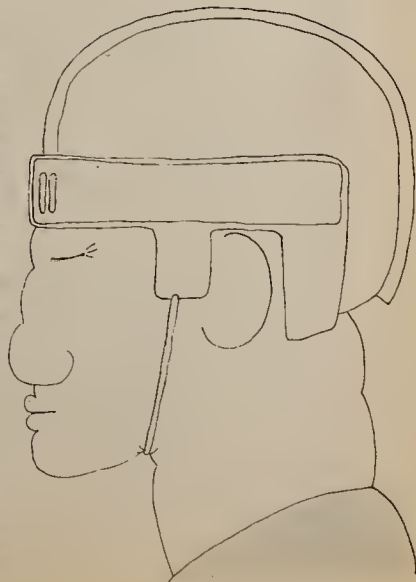


ILLUSTRATION BY ADAM VAUGHAN

INNIS COLLEGE SEMI-FORMAL



**March 12, 1983
St. Lawrence Hall
(King & Jarvis)**

single \$22 couple \$40

The Annual Innis Semi-Formal
March 12, 1983
The St. Lawrence Hall
Featuring "Party Lights"
Tickets still available in Room 116.
Cocktails 5:30 P.M.
Buffet Dinner 7:00 P.M.
Dance 9:00 P.M.

**Don't miss
the most popular
social event
of the year!!**

Ed Note: Last month the Herald took artistic liberty with the advertisement for the Semi-Formal, much to the chagrin of the Formal Committee. Above is the authorized ad.

Applications are now being accepted for Innis Herald editor for 1983-84. For further information contact Danielle in Rm. 305, 12-2 pm weekdays.



Remember that promise you made to yourself at the beginning of the school year to Get Involved? How you thought you'd write an article for the Innis Herald? Well, now's your last chance, because next month's issue is the final issue of the year. So get moving!

The St. Michael's College One-Act Drama Contest has been won this year by an Innis College student, Jean Yoon. Her play *The Borber* will be running from March 10-12 at Brennan Hall, along with

The Loveliest Afternoon of the Year, by John Guare.

Koppy Journey, by Thornton Wilder, and *Lord Byron's Love Letter*, by Tennessee Williams.



THEATRE PRODUCTION

ST. MICHAEL'S COLLEGE STUDENT UNION
UPPER BRENNAN HALL

81 ST. MARY ST. ST. MICHAEL'S COLLEGE

MARCH 10, 11, 12, 1983

8.30 PM

TICKETS \$ 3.00

GENERAL ADMISSION
RESERVATIONS

(923-8893 9 AM - 5 PM)

SMCSU